

## Flying Colors

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Summary: A very magical and fictional twist on a well-known historical figure and her mysterious disappearance.

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\_Author`s note: this story is about a real person, but Amelia has a bit of a fictional twist to her, such as living in a magical world, her last name before the name she is known as today, but most of the dates and stuff are correct. This is mainly about if Amelia actually lived after she lost contact, but I guess I`m giving the story away, so READ!\_

11 year- old Amelia Long bounded down the stairs of her parents` Victorian mansion, and once down the stairs she became lady- like once more. Amelia was so very excited. Her parents told her that the issue they were to discuss was quite important, and Amelia suspected that she had gotten an acceptance letter from Dinglehops Academy of Witchcraft, or perhaps Hogwarts, the only school of magic to educate boys and girls together by this grand year of 1909. Amelia abruptly stopped her quick trot and looked in bewilderment at her parents, whose faces would normally be glowing with pride at such an occasion, were downright upsetting.

"What`s the matter? Is there a twister coming? Because you could block it with this anti- weather spell I read about," Amelia said, for tornadoes did come fairly often through Atchison, Kansas fairly often.

"No, it`s noting like that, honey," her father said as her mother burst into sobs. He took a deep breath. "Amelia, you must remember that we will always love you and be proud of you, but... Amelia, you don`t know how hard it is for me to say this, but Dr. Winslow sent us

an owl confirming that you're 99% Squib, and I'm afraid there's not enough magic in your blood to make a feather fly."

Amelia gasped.\_ It just isn't possible, I'm from a long line of wizards, what about flying on broomsticks, and I've memorized all the flying spells, I can't be a Squib, \_Amelia thought wildly. "NO, IT CAN'T BE," she shouted, and ran up to her room in tears, forgetting to be ladylike.

11 years later, Amelia was leading a somewhat happier life. Her parents had packed up their magic things, moved across town, sent Amelia to a public school, and lived as muggles. They even changed their appearances from being blonde to brunette and changed their last name to a very mugglish name- Earhart. Amelia had gotten to vote in the last election because of the suffragettes' hard work. She had attended Columbia university and Harvard Summer School. Amelia studied airplanes because she felt that they were as close to broomsticks as muggles could make. Amelia even had a coming out ceremony at 18, and married a muggle whom her parents had arranged for her- George Palmer Putnam. She kept her maiden name, though, as she felt it was not right to keep the name of someone she did not truly love, though she did not show it. Amelia finally got the invitation she had been waiting for at 30 in 1928: old friends from school had invited her to fly transatlantic with them.

"Oh, Wilmer, Lois, I'd love to fly with you two! Wait a moment, that would mean I'd be the first woman to fly across the Atlantic Ocean!"

"That's the idea," Lois Gordon replied.

"This flight will be record- breaker!," Wilmer Stutz chipped in.

"Then let's do it!" Amelia was ready for anything, and George gave his blessing for Amelia to go. As the trio gathered at the airport, they went down the list, making sure they had food and supplies. Amelia climbed in after the others.

"And 3, 2, 1," the person on the radio transmission droned. They flew up into the air, and Amelia felt an exhilaration she reserved for flying.

"This is great, you guys," she shouted over the roar of the airplane.

"Yeah, it is," they shouted back. The flight was pretty calm, until they neared the end.

"Oh, wow, you guys! Look at the rainbow we're going through," Amelia shouted, for she saw a band of colors that seemed to cover the whole sky.

"What the heck, are you talking about, Amelia? I always thought you were the brains of the three of us, not the looniest," shouted Wilmer.

"She must be weak, I mean, we have been flying for about 20 hours," replied Lois calmly.

"I swear it, you guys, it`s really there!"

Lois said soothingly, "Let`s not tell this to the press so they don`t think you`re crazy, OK?"

"Fine." Amelia crossed her arms and watched the brilliant colors pass her by.

Amelia got yet another notion 4 years later. If she could fly transatlantic with her friends, why not without them? Then, if she saw the colors again, then she would be able to wonder why they were there without disturbance. Amelia had written two books that caused her much popularity, and George often joked, "If you keep this up, you may make more money than I do!" Amelia was bombarded by the press as she got on the plane, but she just waved them off, entranced by the prospect of seeing the rainbow again. Amelia made sure she had plenty of rations, so that she would know if she had been hallucinating. Amelia started the engine, and was off. As she neared France, Amelia saw the brilliant colors that swept across the landscape and engulfed her plane. Amelia had no idea why this was happening, but she felt very warm inside, as though she had just swallowed a bit of hot cocoa. Amelia jolted herself back to the attention of her plane, as the runway came into view. As she landed, the colors were replaced by cheers. Amelia stepped out and felt wonderful at the great welcome and the colors that were so mysterious to her. Amelia was awarded honors by the French and American governments, which added to the warmth growing inside her. In 1935-1936, Amelia added to her also growing list of flights. George was quite proud to say that his wife was making many world records. Amelia had flown from Hawaii to California and from Mexico City to New York City in that length of time. Amelia saw the colors aboard both flights, and not knowing what it meant was driving her nuts. George was worried about her condition when Amelia accepted an invitation in 1937 to fly around the world from an Englishman by the name of Fred Noonan (as he was a complete stranger), but Amelia gave him a kiss and told him not to worry, they`d stop at countries along the way. As Amelia was packing, though, she recalled that the route she and Fred would be taking passed directly over Azkaban Island, and went out to get chocolate, painfully reminding herself that she could not explain why she was bringing it, as she could never explain to a muggle about the magical world. Amelia met Fred a few days before the flight so they could make sure they had all the supplies. Fred held the checklist.

"Bottled water?"

"Check."

"Pillow?" (They were going to take shifts flying over the water)

"Check."

"Food?"

"Check."

"Chocolate?"

Amelia was startled. Why did HE want chocolate? Probably for energy.

Besides, he`ll need it too even as a muggle if they want to pass over those dementors. Amelia decided to let it go.

"Check."

"Is the gas tank filled?"

Amelia checked the gauge.

"Yup. We`re ready to fly. Oh, I`m so excited!"

"Yes, well, we`d better get lots of sleep before the big day," said Fred.

"Alright, I`ll see you in three days!"

"Goodbye!"

"Oh, my goodness, I can`t believe I`m doing this," Amelia repeated to herself over and over again on the car ride there.

"Don`t worry, dear, you`ll be fine," George said soothingly.

"Alright, but I should start on my rosary. Hopefully, God will be with us." Amelia took a deep breath and started reciting the Lord`s Prayer. When they got there, Amelia was bombarded by reporters as usual, but George held them off so Amelia could get in the cockpit.

"Goodbye, George," she called out with a sinking feeling that she would never see him again.

"Hullo, Amelia," Fred greeted her as he put on his helmet over his flaming red hair. "Are you ready?"

"I`m as ready as I`ll ever be," she replied as she watched Fred put a bag behind his seat.

"Emergency rations," he said in response to Amelia`s confused expression.

"And 3, 2, 1," the announces said as they lifted off the sunny state of Florida.

"What a wonderful view," Amelia shouted to Fred as she spotted a flock of pink flamingoes. Soon it was Amelia`s turn to fly over the Atlantic as Fred slumbered peacefully. Amelia wondered where the colors were, because by this time she usually saw some. As Fred flew the plane across Africa, Amelia dreamed of the colors surrounding her once more, but as Fred shook her awake to finish flying across Africa and the Indian Ocean, they weren`t there. Several days had passed, and no colors had been spotted by the time they had reached Japan. After they had taken off from Japan, they headed for New Guinea. They recieved a great welcome there, then headed for Howland Island. As they took off, Amelia finally saw them!

"The colors! They are more brilliant than ever," Amelia called to Fred without thinking.

"Yes, it's a wonderful sight!" Fred looked at the gas measurer. "Oh, my God, Amelia, look at the gauge!" Amelia looked at it and brought the radio to her mouth, though her whole body was shaking with terror. "Gas... is... low," was all that she could make out when the radio went dead. The needle pointed dangerously close to Empty, and they were over water. Fred took a rosary out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"Start praying while I look for something," he commanded as the plane started spiraling.

While Amelia was shakily saying, "Hail... Mary... full... of... grace...", she spotted something wooden behind her seat. It was a wand! Still reciting the prayer, Amelia seized it and wracked her brain for the long forgotten subject of spells. Then she remembered her favorite spell as a girl. Hoping against hope that the magic in the wand would work even if she was a squib, she pointed to the ceiling and shouted, "WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA!" Fred's head snapped up as the plane suddenly glided 10 feet above the surface of the water.

"We'll get this straightened out later, but what say I speed up the plane to the next island?" Amelia nodded and handed the wand to Fred, speechless that she had cast a spell. Fred mumbled a few words, and in about 5 minutes, the plane had landed on an island with an excellent view of Azkaban Island.

"Who are you?" was the first question from Amelia after they had set up camp and unloaded the things from the now useless plane.

"I might ask you the same thing, but I'll go first anyway. My real name is Fred Weasely, born into a prominent wizarding family in England. I was educated at Hogwarts, but as my mother was a muggle, I went to a muggle college to please her. There, I learned how to operate an airplane, and, surrounded by the muggle radios in each room, I heard about you and decided that it would be a good idea to learn from an expert, even though you are younger than me."

Amelia sighed, and related her story. Fred, though, was not surprised.

"You see, Amelia, you got the most wonderful chance that a squib could have. Having still 1% of magic in you, the closest thing to magic, flying, developed your magical ability, and that's why you saw those colors. If I'm not mistaken, I believe that you are now a full fledged witch, as you proved that you could perform that spell."

"This is wonderful," Amelia shouted, and did a little dance. "Do they have training courses for adults about spells?"

"No, but I could teach you if you like," replied Fred.

"Thank you so much!" Amelia leapt up and gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then, somewhat embarrassed, she asked as she walked to her tent, "can my first lesson be tomorrow?"

"Sure," Fred said as he walked to his tent also, touching his cheek.

12 years later found Amelia Weasely at King`s Cross Station September first.

"Are you sure you have everything Ronald?"

"Yes, Mum, I do, can I go, now? Eric Longbottom and Elizabeth Potter are waiting for me and Liz`s older brother John is gonna tel us how we`re gonna be sorted!"

"All right, but be careful!"

"I will mom! Bye!"

So here we leave a new life to begin, of the grandparents of the generation the world reads about, never knowing that one ancestor was famous and lived on, until now.

\_Yippie!!!! I`m finished! Now I have to get off the computer but I hope you enjoyed it!!! To clear up a few things, Amelia, now blonde again, married Fred(as I think there`s a loophole about marrying twice as long as the 1st one thinks you`re dead? Further study req`d)\_

End  
file.